

SHELLS OF THE OCEAN.

One summer eve, with pensive thought,
I wandered on the sea-beat shore
Where oft, in heedless infant sport,
I gathered shells in days before.
I gathered shells, &c.

The plashing waves, like music fell,
Responsive to my fancy wild,
A dream came o'er me like a spell,
I thought I was again a child.
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A dream came o'er me like a spell,
I thought I was again a child.

I stooped upon the pebbly strand,
To cull the toys that round me lay,
But as I took them in my hand,
I threw them one by one away.
I threw them, &c.

"Oh, thus," I said, "in every stage,
By toys our fancy is beguiled,
We gather shells from youth to age,
And then we leave them like a child."
We gather shells, &c.

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